

The
Spectacle

I FRAIL



COURAGE AND A BRICK




You are under my skin / Clenching all my nerves /
Closing them tightly / There is nothing left to feel / I
run for every secret world / I gasp for every breath I
take / And it gets harder / So hard to breathe

If I had the guts I would rip out yours / You have
got some nerve walking these streets / Think about the
decisions that you make / Think about the
consequences that you take

Tired of hiding everyday / Weary of being afraid of you
But there is will and effort / Now all we need is
courage and a brick / To breathe strenght and beauty
into all our lives / And the day will come / When the
fear is gone and we will not run

You have got some nerve walking in these streets / You
have got some nerve walking these streets at night /
How can we sleep at night? How can we sleep? / What
is our dream?

FLAG of DEFEAT



I fear the flag of defeat / I can pick out its color /
(Blood red, pale white) / Waving on battlefields / That
has not yet seen war

And even though you can't see them / The stench of
corpses fills the air / For centuries on end

I fear the scent of her skin / I can pick out its smell /
Reminiscent of what has been / My self-devastation

And even though you can't see my scars / I've been cut
over and over / For years on end

It's hard to fall / To dear to starve / You have to want
to suffer / And fall in love with the floor / It's easy to
survive / But hard to stay alive

I fear the flag of defeat / I can pick out its color /
(Blood red, pale white) / Tried torn down / But still
hanging higher than us

And even though you can't see them / The stench of
corpses fills the air / For centuries on end

Waving on battlefields that has not yet seen war

It's had to fall / To dear to starve / You have to want
to suffer / And fall in love with the floor / It's easy to
survive / But hard to stay alive



BY GOD

*Eyes never tell lies / She keeps her scars in secret / In
shame, with bowed head and bent knees / She crawls
behind your back / Hands held tightly to her chest /
Fearful that her heart may spill out*

Cover your scars behind your clothes and your secrets
in vaults / Sink your head in a pool of blame and fault
/ Look into the dead eyes on the poster wall / By God
you are nothing at all

Scars never tell lies / He wipes his eyes in secret /
Alone with his wounds that no one will see / His soul
killed, his body bereaved / To yet another blow, yet
another stare

Find comfort in your blood dripping hands / Ease
the pain with your own thoughts / Cutting deep with
the razor in your hand / Healing your wounds, then
cutting again

Cover your scars behind your clothes and your secrets
in vaults / Sink your head in a pool of blame and fault/
Look into the dead eyes on the poster wall / By God
you are nothing at all

Cover in the shadow of an unseen sun, an unknown
light / Try to grasp a universe that does not exist /
There in only so much we can take, so much we can
bear / When a star dies it explodes

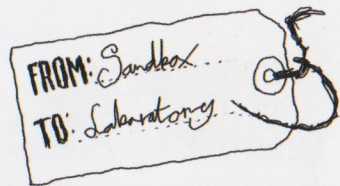
When every move is anticipated

He's been running away, but he knows not from what /
She's been hiding again, but she knows not from what
/ And their eyes whisper "save me" / Save me

Trapped in the notion / That someone is watching /
Stuck in the patterns / That everybody is walking

As we tire of old clichés, we become them ourselves /
But what is one to do, when every move is anticipated?
/ Where are you suppose to go, when your tracks are
already in front of you?

When they can't loose you, you must loose yourself /
Fuck their expectations! No one is watching



I've got a package to deliver, but no address / And returning to sender is not an option / I've got a feeling that you might confess / If I show up at your door

There's a trail, a thin red line, from the sandbox to the lab / There's a leap of faith from imagination to textbooks / You talk about reason when it sits at your nose / I asked you for truth and you gave me prose

You might choke on your own words, I have seen you mumble / And fall prey to your own trap, bound and gagged

The needle in hand / Your serum of truth / A soothing dose / Shot through the ear / The message intact / Sedation complete / A calming bullet / Shot to the head

You might trip over your own feet, I have seen you stumble / And fall prey to your own trap, bound and gagged

I've been searching these streets for days, to find your home / But all I could find was a locked door



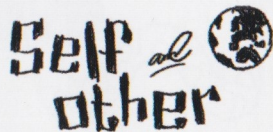
When all the snow is gone / And we are down to the bare asphalt / There is nothing to ease our fall / Save the comfort of each other

When all hope and ambition has been left behind / And all that remains is cynicism / There is nothing to fuel our flame / Save that can of gasoline

Save those moments when we rise / Save the feeling of being struck down / Save the strength that we can gather / Save nothing - loose it all

Save nothing - loose it all / All towers must fall

Save those moments when we rise / Save the feeling of being struck down / Save the strength that we can gather / Save nothing - loose it all



My world is my own / Credible only to me / Senseless to heaven / Indifferent to hell / And this is what I have got / It is my everything / Who has ever had anything else?

Where is my courage / When I need it the most? / Scared by the past / Terrified of the future / And driven so far away / Who draws these invisible lines? / I walk along them, I breathe along them / At least I am not alone / Remove the glass gnawing on my wrists / Or if must be, break it!

Our dreams, our hope / Carved in stone or sand? / Indifferent with time / Senseless in space / Is this waiting and boredom / All we have left? / The bubble bursts / The sun burns my eyes

And it takes time to realize this world / Is brought to life by failure



I am sick of silence. I am tired of noise / My ears are shut from the sound that my voice tries to make / Unable to listen, unable to care / By my own words I can not be trusted / It must be so pathetic to watch me stumble around / Trying to make amends for all that is not possible

Fall, descend to the lowest ranks / Pain will be my only comfort / My only ease — to fail / Crawl and let it be my dance

I fail miserably, put me out of my agony / I've done the worst there is — to repeat history / It must be so pathetic to watch me stumble around / Trying to make amends...

Fall, descend to the lowest ranks / Pain will be my only comfort / My only ease — to fail / Crawl and let it be my dance

Dance a solemn dance / Transcendence; I fly across the world / On ragged wings of no glory / Through somber days and gloomy nights

No, untrue, I forget the sun / Filled with scars and poison / From the arrows of hunters below / I fall to the ground / I've moved mountains / Now I am ready to take on you

Fall, descend to the lowest ranks / Pain will be my only comfort / My only ease — to fail / Crawl and let it be my dance

failure



The fear of failure haunts me every waking day and sleepless night. Stress manifests itself as a physical sensation in my veins, as if they will break out of my skin because of all that was not finished or not even started. This is the grey cloud hanging over my head, the heavy burden on my shoulders, the seemingly inescapable leash that keeps me from running away. How can one fight an unseen, let alone undefined enemy? It is as much a part of myself as it is of those around me, as much an internal conflict as an external force.

Yet it is nothing mysterious or abstract. It is my own expectations failing to be realized, the path I never dared to walk, the project that fell through. This is inevitable. As long as I keep trying, I will always have to endure failure. Still, I carry the fear with me wherever I go: not so much the fear of failing to gain results as the fear of being a failure in the eyes of others.

In cities where everything is bigger than us, we make our way down streets packed with people we do not know. Buildings erected to reach for the sky make us feel infinitely small; we look over our shoulders to see if the crowd, or the camera, is watching. Feeling that our every move is being silently judged, we tiptoe around, hunted by the specters of social expectation and anticipation. Each of us is convinced that nobody else fails but himself, scared by the mistakes of the past, terrified of the ones that wait in the future.

We conceive of failure as a permanent condition rather than a matter of isolated, individual incidents. But if everyone is a failure, then the term itself can have no meaning except as a destructive social

mechanism. This is not inevitable. We can and must break down the negative constructs that confine us. The fear of defeat that cripples so many of us is but one example of many.

Who draws these invisible lines between failure and success, wrong and right, self and other? You and I do. Petrified by the possibility that these lines refer to something real, we abide by them and thus impose them upon ourselves as reality. We inherit an entire mythical cosmology, and slowly learn to obey the unspoken rules it implies. However, it is always possible to analyze your surroundings and resist that which you find destructive.

Perhaps our fear of failure is a symptom of our inability to release ourselves to the present. To be capable of anything - even failure, and so even success - one must be able to give oneself entirely to the doing, neither fearing the future nor judging by its standards. To fail, and to overcome that failure, is to grow; this is one of the ways we come to know ourselves and each other better. Setting out to fail deliberately - not by attempting too little, so that one succeeds in not succeeding, but by attempting too much, so one can only fail, but fail gloriously - could be a way to re-center one's life around action, not consequences.

That is to say: around courage, not fear. Around the present, not the past. Around creation and destruction, not stasis.

The Spectacle is Andreas, Jørgen, Torbjørn, Endre, Martin & Kjetil

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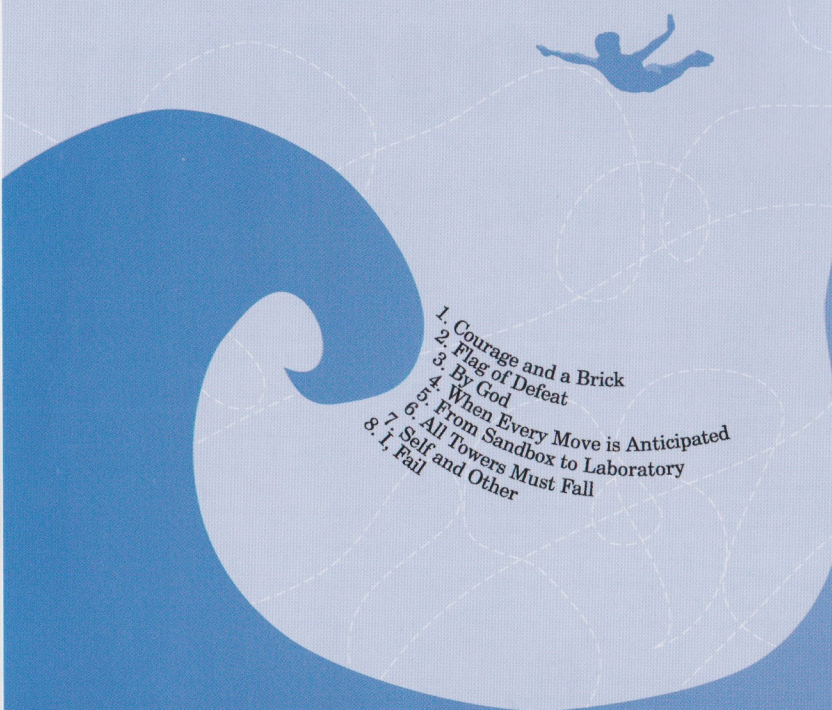
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Thank you to all those without whom our efforts would be useless. Though our achievements first and foremost comes from our own hard work, there is so much that we could not have done without the support and help of an international community that we are proud to partake in. This is for all those fighting, organizing, resisting, reclaiming — living.

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1. Courage and a Brick
 2. Flag of Defeat
 3. By God
 4. When Every Move is Anticipated
 5. From Sandbox to Laboratory
 6. All Towers Must Fall
 7. Self and Other
 8. I, Fail



I, FAIL

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